cedings at Salerno are suspended. The Cagliari chered under the lee of the Centaur, English mansanchored under the lee of the Centaur, English man-of war. The crew are now on board her, and the steamer is ready to return to Genoa. The vertice in the fatal case on the South-Western Railway, on Sanday evening, is "Accidental death,"

olving the Railway Company and its servants Notwithstanding the majority on the £10 County Notwithstanding the House of Commons, The Davidy ranchise bill in the House of Commons, The Davidy ranchise bill in the same davier. Six polices of Vers shows that it is in some dauger. Six notices of mendments have emanated from the Conservative arty, and to cap the whole Lord Adolphus V. Temparty, and to esp the whole Lord Adolphie V. Yem-post has undertaken to move a resolution declaring the inexpediency of the House preceding any further with the bill, in consequence of the numerous amend ments whereof notice had been giver, involving the general bearings of the whole question of the national representation. The Daily News suspects that the amendments and this concurrence of Conservative stome, are not altogether fortuitous.

THE CELEBRATION AT BOSTON.

MR. CHOATE'S ORATION. The following is the oration delivered by the Hon. RUFUS CHOATE before the Young Men's Democratic

Club at Boston on Monday, the 5th inst : It is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so dis cordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is well that law -our only sovereign on earth-duty, not less the daughter of God, not less within its sphere supreme, custom not old alone, but honored and useful, memories, our heart, have set a time in which-scythe, loom and anvil stilled, wharves silent, the flag-our flag unrent-the flag of our glory and commemoration waving on mest head, steeple and highland, we may come together and walk hand in hand, thoughtful, admiring through these galleries of civil greatness; when we may own together the spell of one hour of our history upon us all; when faults may be forgotten, kindness revived, virtues remembered and eketched unblamed; when the arrogance of reform, the excesses of reform the strifes of parties, the rivalries of regions, shall give place to a wider, warmer and juster sentiment; when, turning from the corners and dark places of offensive ness, if such the candle lighted by malignity or envy, or censoriousness, or truth has revealed anywhere when, turning from these, we may go up together to the screne and secret mountain top, and there pause and there unite in the reverent exclamation and in the exultant prayer: "How beautiful at last are Tay Cabernacies! What people at last is like unto Thee Peace be within Thy palaces and joy within Thy gates The high places are Thine, and there shall Thou stand proudly, and innocently, and securely."

Happy if such a day shall not be descerated by our service! Happy if for us that descending sun shall look out on a more loving, more elevated, more united America! These, no less, no narrower, be the aims of These always were the true aims of this celebration. In its origin, a recital or defense of the grounds and principles of the Revolution, now de manding and primiting no defease—all taken for granted, and all had by heart; then sometimes wasted in a parade of vain-glory, cheap and vulgar; sometimes profaned by the attack and repulse of partienn and local rhetoricians; its great work, its distinctive char-acter and its chief lessons remain and vindicate them-

Betver, and will do so while the eye of the fighting or the dying shall yet read on the stainless ample folds the superscription blazing still in light: "Liberty and "Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." I have wished, therefore, as it was my duty, in doing myself the honor to join you in this act, to give some direction to your thoughts and feelings, suited at the patients, beliday, and seasonable and usersome direction to your thoughts and feelings, suited at once to the nations heliday, and seasonable and useful in itself. How difficult this may be, I know. To try, however, to do anything is easy, and it is American also. Your candor will make it doubly easy, and to your cander I commit myself.

The birthday of a nation, old or young, and certainly if young, is a time to tainly of young, is a time to tainly of the means of keeping alive the nation. I do not mean to say, however, because I do not believe that there is but now way to his the direct and the didactic. For at last it is the

because I do not believe that there is but one way it this, the direct and the didactic. For at last it is the spirit of the day we would cherich. It is our great national love feast which we keep; and if we rise from it with hearts larger, heating fuller, with feeling purer and warmer for america, what signifies it how iragally or how richly or how it was spread, or whether it was a strain on the organ, the trumpet tonce of the Declaration, the prayer of the good man, the sympathy of the hoar, or what it was which wrought to that end?

I do not, therefore, say that such an anniversary is

the sympathy of the hour, or what it was which wrought to that end?

I do not, therefore, say that such an anniversary is not a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratifude to men, the living and the dead, for tears and thoughts too deep for tears, for culogy, for exultation, for all the memories and for all the contrasts which soften and lift up the general mind. I do not say, for example, that to dwell on that one image of Progress, which is our history; that image so grand, so dazzing, so constant; that stream now flowing so far and swelling into so immense a flood, but which burst out a small, choked, uncertain spring from the ground at first; that transition from the Rock at Plymouth, from the unfortified peninsular at Jamestown to this America, which lays a hand on both the oceans—from that heroic yet feeble folk whose allowance to a man by the day was five kernels of corn, for three months no corn, or a piece of fish, or a molded remainder of biscuit, or a limb of a wild bird—to whom a deposit in Saving was a fear and a judgment, and a der of biseuit, or a limb of a wild bird—to whom a drouth in Spring was a fear and a judgment, and a call for humiliation before God—who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war-cry broke the innocent sleep, or startled the brave wa/ching—from that handful, and that want, to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvest might load the board of famishing nations, for whom a world in arms has no terror; to trace the long series of causes which connected these two contrasted conditions, the Providences which ordained and guided a growth so stupendous—the dominant race, sober, carnest, constructive, changed, but not degenerate here, the initiax of other races, assimilating, eloquent and brave, the fusion of all into a new one; the sweet stimulations of liberty, the removal by the whole width of oceans from the satablishments of Europe, shaken, tyrannical or burdened, the healtiful virgin, the universal progress of reason and art, universal as civilizatios, the aspect of revelutions on the human mind, the expansion of discovery and trade, the developing sentiment of independence, the needful bantism of wars, the brave men, the wire men, the Constitution, the Union, the national life and the feeling of union which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength—I do not say that meditations such as these might not teach or deepen the lessons of the day. All these things, so hely and beautifal, all things American, may afford certainly the means to keep America alive. That vast panetama unrolled by our general history, or unrolling: that eulogy, so just, so fervent, so splendid, so approved; that electric, easonable memory of Washington; that purchase and that dedication of the dwelling and the tomb, the work of woman; that record of his generals; that visit to battle fields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that dream of her past, present and future; every ship builded on dwelling and the fomb, the work of woman; that revered of his generals; that visit to battle fields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that dream of her past, present and future; every ship builded on lake or ocean; every treaty concluded; every are of territory annexed; every cannon cast; every machine invented; every mile of new rairoad and telegraph undertaken; every dollar added to the aggregate of national or individual wealth—these all as subjects of thought, as motives to pride and care, as teachers of wisdom, as agencies for probable good, may work, may insure, that earthly immortality of love and glory for which this celebration was ordaned.

My way, however, shall be less ambitions and less indirect. Think, then, for a moment, on American nationality itself; the outward national life, and the inward national sentiment; think on this; its nature, and some of its conditions and some of its ethics—I would say, toe, some of its dangers—but there shall be no expression of evil omen in this stage of the discourse, and to-day at least the word is safety, or hope.

be no expression of evil omen in this stage of the dis-course, and to day at least the word is safety, or hope. To know the nature of American nationality, ex-amine it first by contrast, and then examine it in itself. amine it first by contrast, and then examine it in itself. In some of the elemental characteristics of political opinion the American people are one. These they can no more renounce for substance than the highest summit of the highest of the White Hills, than the peak of the Alleghanies, than the Rocky Mountaine can bow and east themselves into the sea. Through all their history, from the dawn of the colonial life to this brightness of this rising, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have acted thom, they have run ever with them. In all stages, in all agonies, through all report, good and evil—some learning from the golden times of ancient and medieval freedom, Greece, and Italy, and Geneva, from Aristotle, from Cicero, and Bodinas, and Machiavel and Calvin, or, later, from Harrington and Sidney and Rousseau; later, from Harrington and Sidney and Rousseau, some learning, all reenforcing it directly from Nature and Nature's God; all have held and felt that every and Nature's God; all have held and felt that every man was equal to every other man that every man had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of nappiness, and a conscience unfettered, that the people were the source of power, and the good of the people was the political object of society itself. This creed, so grand, so broad—in its general and duly qualified, so true—planted the colonies, led them through the desert and the sea of ante-revolutionary life, rallied them all together to resist the attacks of a king and a minister, charpened and pointed the bayonets of all their battless, burst forth from a million lips, beamed

out in their revolutionary eloquence of fire, and in the Declaration awake the thunders, and gleamed in the Declaration awoke the thunders, and gleamed in the lightning of the deathless words of Otis, Heary and Adems, was graved forever in the general mind by the pen of Jefferson and Paine, as by a steel point on a great rock, sun-lighted, survived the excitements of war and the necessities of order, penetrated and tinged all our constitutional composition and polity, and all our party organizations and nomenclature, and stands to-day radiant, defiant, jocuad, tip-toe, on the summits of our greatness, one authoritative and louder proclamation to humanity by Freedom, the guard an and the avenger. he avenger.

e avenger. But in some traits of our politics we are not one. In some traits we differ from one another, and we change from our-elves. You may say these are subordinate, executory, instrumental traits. Let us not cavil about names, but find the easences of things. Our object is to know the nature of American nationality, and we are attempting to do so, first, by contrasting it with its

antagonisms.

There are two great existences, then, in our civil life which have this in common, though they have nothing else in common, that they may come in conflict with the nationality which I describe; one of them constant in its operation, constitutional, bealthful, auxiliary, even; the other rarer, illegiti-mate, abnormal, terrible; one of them a force un-der law; the other a violence and a phenomena above law and against law. It is first the capital peculiarity of our system, now a common place in our politics, that the affections which we give to country, we give to a divided object, the States in which we live and the Union by which we are confolded. We serve two masters. Our hearts own two loves. We live in two countries at once, and are commanded to be capacious countries at once, and are commanded to be capacious of both. How easy it is to recordle these duties in theory, how reciprocally more than compatible, now helpful and independent they are in theory, how in this respect our system's differences make our system's peace, and from these blended colors, and this action and counteraction, how marvelous a beauty and how grand a harmony we draw out, you all know. Practically you know, too, the adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the Adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the distinction attempts it is plain enough. There it is there a scripta manet, and heaven and earth shall pass before one jot or one tittle of that scripture shall all of fulfillment. So we all say, and yet how men pass before one jot or one tittle of that scripture shall iail of fulfillment. So we all say, and yet how men have divided on it. How they divided in the great Convention itself, and is the very presence of Washington. How the people divided on it. How it has created parties, lest and given power, bestowed great reputations, and taken them away, and colored and shaken the universal course of our public life. But have you ever considered that it have you ever considered that it was a federal system we had to adopt, and that it was a federal system we had to adopt, and that it some form and to some extent a result of course? There the States were when we became a nation. There they had been for one hundred and fifty years, for one hundred and seventy years. Some power, it for one hundred and seventy years. Some power, it was agreed on all hands, we must delegate to the new Government. Of some thunder, some beams, some insigns, some means of kindling pride, winning gratiude, attracting honor, love, obedience, friends—all inaignia, some means of kindling pride, winning gratitude, attracting honor, love, obedience, friends—all
men knew they must be bereaved, and they were
so. But when this was done, there were the States still.
In the scheme of every statesman, they remained a
component part, unannihilated, indestructible. In the
scheme of the Constitution of compromise itself, they
remained a component part, indestructible. In the
theories of all publicists and all speculatiest they were
retained, and they were valued for it, to hinder and
disarm that centralization which had been found to be
the danger and the weakness of federal liberty. And
then when you bear in mind that they are sovereignretained, and they were valued for it, to hinder and disarm that centralization which had been found to be the danger and the weakness of federal liberty. And then when you bear in mind that they are sovereignities, quant, but sovereignties still; that one of the most oread and transcendent prerogatives of sovereignities, the prerogative to take life and liberty for crime, is their without dispute; that in the theories of some schools they may claim to be parties to the great compact and as such may, and that any one of them may, seeded from the compact when by their corporate judgment they deem it to be broken fundamentally by the others, and that from such a judgment there is no appeal to a common peaceful umpire; that in the theories of some schools they may call out their young men and their old men under the pains of centh to defy the sword-point of the Federal Army; that they can pour around even the gallows and the tomb of aim who died for treason to the Union, nonor, opinion, tears, and thus sustain the last untimely hour, and soothe the disembodied complaining shade; that every one, by name, by line of boundary, by jurisdiction, is distinct from every other, and every one from the nation; that within their inviolate borders lie our farms, our homes, our meeting houses, our graves; that their laws, their courts, their militia, their police, to so vast an extent protect our persons from violence and our houses from plunder; that their heaven ripens our harvests; their schools form our children's mental and moral nature; their charities or their taxes feed our poor; their hospitals cure or shelter our insane; that their image, their opinions, their interature, their morality, are around us ever, a presence, a menument, an atmosphere, when you consider this, you feel how practical and how inevitable is that antagonism to a single national life, less constant, less legitimate, less compensated, more terrible, to which I must refer—not for reprobation, not for warring, not even for grief, but that we may kne

and should constitute our order and our agreement, but which only makes their difficulty and their merit; from and should constitute our order and our agreement, but which only makes their difficulty and their merit; from that self-love and self-preference which are their own standard, exclusive, intolerant and censorious, of what is wise and holy; from the fear of ignorance, the jealcusy of ignorance, the narrowaess of ignorance; from incapacity to abstract, combine and grasp a complex and various object, and thus rise to the dignity of concession and forbarance and compromise; from the frame of our civil polity, the necessities of our public life and the nature of our ambition, which forces all men not great men—the minister in his parish, the politician on the stump on election day, the editor of the party newspaper—to take his rise or his patronage from an intense local opinion, and therefore to do his best to create or renorce it; from our federative Government; from our good traits, bad traits, and foolish traits; from that vain and vulgar hankering for European reputation and respect for European opinion, which forgets that one may know Aristophanes, and Georaphy, and the Cosmical Unity and Telluric laffuences, and the smaller morals of life and all the sounding pretensions of philanthropy, falsely so called, which boasts emptily of progress, renounces traditions, denies God and worships itself; from an arrogant and flashy literature which mistakes a new phrase for a new thought, and old propesuse for new truth, and is glad to exemptily of progress, renounces traditions, device God and worships itself; from an arrogant and flashy literature which mistakes a new phrase for a new thought, and old nonsense for new truth, and is glad to exchange for the fame of drawing-rooms and parlor windows, and the side-light of a car in motion, the approval of time and the world; from philanthropy which is short-sighted, impatient and spasmedic, and cannot be made to appreciate that its grandest and surest agent in His eye whose lifetime is Eternity, and whose periods are ages, is a nation and a sober public opinion and a safe and silent advancement, referming by time; from that spirit which would rule or ruin, and would reign in hell rather than serve in beaven apringing from these canses and stimulated thus, there is an element of regions antagonistic to nationality. Always, I have said, there was one; slaways there will be. It hitted its shrick sometimes even above the silver clarion tone that called millions to unite for independence. It resisted the nomination of Washington to command our armies; made his new levies nate one another; assisted the cabalings of Gaies and Conway; mocked his retreats and threw its damp passing cloud for a moment over his exceeding glory: opposed the adoption of any Constitution, and perverted by construction and denounced as a covenant with hell the actual Constitution when it was adopted; brought into our vocabulary and discussions the hateful and ill-omened words North and South, Atlantic and Western, which the grave warnings of the Farewell address expose and teaching; transformed the floor of Congress into a batgrave warnings of the Farewell address expose and tebuke; transformed the floor of Congress into a battebuke; transformed the floor of Congress into a battle field of contending local policy; convened its conventions at Abbeville and Hartford; rent asunder conferences and sprode; turned stated assemblies of grave elergymen and grave laymen into shows of gladiators or of the beasts of gladiators; checked the noly effort of missions, and set back the shadow of the dial-plate of a certain amelioration and ultimate probable emancipation, many degrees. Some might say it culminated later in an enterprise even more daring still; but others might deny it. The sakes upon that fire are not yet cold, and we will not tread upon them. But all will unite in prayer to Alminaty God that we may never see, nor our children, nor their children to the thousandth generation, may ever see it culminate in a geographical party banded to elect a geographical President and inaugurate a geographical policy.

graphical policy.

Take any shape but that, and thou art welcome."

But now, by the side of this and all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises co-lossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America. See there the pullar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved for our beste and our ages. Gaze on that, worship the highest in that. Between that light and our oye, a cloud for a time may seem to gather; charlets,

armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on os, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatrise may allenate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the laste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in nesps; that idolatry shall repert; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweeteed; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot, dry shed, in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fleids, tents, mountains, coasts and ships, from North and South, and East and West, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace West, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace

West, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace and thanksgiving!
But we were resking the nature of the spirit of nationality, and we pass in this inquiry from contrast to an yets. You may call it, subjectively regarded, as a mode of contemplating the nation in its essence, and so far it is an intellectual conception; and you may call it a feeling toward the nation thus contemplated, and so far it is an emotion. In the intellectual exercise it contemplates the nation as it is one, and as it is distinguished from all other nations, and in the emotional exercise it loves it and is proud of it as thus it is contemplated. This you may call its ultiin the emotional exercise it loves it and is proud of it as thus it is contemplated. This you may call its ultimate analysis. But how much more is included in it! How much flows from it! How oold and inadequate is such a description if we leave it there! Think of it first as a state of consciousness, as a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reaching on you. Think of it as tifills your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the hearts of millions around you, born, unborn, dead, living although dead. Instantly, noder such an influence, you ascend above Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife: you tread upon the high places of earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her

upon the high places of earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings, your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like ners, is the highway of empires; your cearge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveler from this home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasses, no inudated city or plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning, on that surface, but all blendid and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger and promise of life, hope and brighter day!

Think of it next as an active virtue. Is not all history a recital of the achievements of nationality, and an exponent of its historical and imperial nature? Even under systems for less perfect, and influences far less auspicious than ours, has it not lifted itself up for a time above all things meaner, vindicating itself by action, by the sublimity of a brave daring, anocessful or unsuccessful by the sublimity of a working hope? How loose, for example, and how pendidous was that union of the States of Greece in all times! How distinct were the nations of Attica, of Laconia, of Thessaly, of Bostia, and how utterly insufficient the oracle, the Amphyctionic Assembly, the games, the great first cpic, to restrain Athena and Sparts and Thebes from contending, by diplomacy, by fraud, by battle, for the mastery! And yet even in the histosical age, when the storm of Eastern invasion swept that blue sea, and those laughing islands, and iron-boand coast, Amphyctionic Assembly, the games, the great first cpic, to restrain Athens and Sparts and Thebes from contending, by diplomacy, by fraud, by battle, for the mastery! And yet even in the histosical age, when the storm of Eastern invasion swept that blue rea, and those laughing islands, and iron-boand coast, ever, above, grandeur and more useful than the fear policy which couseled temperary union-were there not meny one whose perturbed and towering motives came the thought of that great, common Greek name, that race kindred at last, though ages have parted them—that golden, ancient, polished speech that inherited ancestral glory, that national Olympus, that inviolated, sterile and separate eart—that fame of camps—that fire of camps which put out it ancient life of Troy; and was it not such memories as these that burn and revel in the pages of Herodotus? Did not Sparta and Athens hate one another, and fight one another habitually, and yet, when those Lacecamonian levies gazed so steadfastly on the faces of the fallen at Marathon, did they not give Greek tears to Athens and Greek curses to Parsia, and in the hour of Platona did they not stand together against the barbarian? What else formed the secret of the brief spell of Riemzis power, and burned and sparkled in the poetry and reterior of his friend Petrarch, and soothed the dark hour of the grander soul of Machisvel, loathing that Italy, and recalling that other day when "eight hundred thousand men sprang to arms at the rumor of a Gaillic invasion!, In not Prussia afraid of Austria, and Saxony of Bavaria, and Frankfurt jealous of Dreeden, and so through the twenty-seven or eight or thirty Scates, great and small; and yet the dear, common fatherland, the old German tongue, the legend of Hermann, the native and titular Runne flewing rapid, deep and majestic, like the life of a hero of antiquity—do not these spectacles and these traditions sometimes wask the nationality of Germany to action, as well as to life and hope?

But if you would contemplate nationality as

courage to light, to retreat, to tary, and the young lag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the inspiriteent consummation crowned the work—were not these all imparted or inspired by this importal sentiment! Has it not here begun the master-work of man, the creation of a national life! Did it not call on that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the the Constitution ! Has it not, in the ted to the administering of that Government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no ted to the administering of that Goverement wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignided and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created and for which they must one day, before some tribunal, give account, what a measure of these it has enabled as already to fuifil! It has lifted us to the throne and has set on our brow the name of the Great Republic. It has taught us to demand nothing wrong; to submit to nothing wrong; has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great, tranquil sea; it has made the desert to bud ard blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant broad of useful arts; it lias whitened lake and cosan with the sais of a daring, new and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, thying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty; it has kept us at rest within all our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a dock, though it seeks not war, makes not war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiact flag all trattined it has opened our are of lettered glory; war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag all unstained: it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of

the people.

We have done with the nature of American nationality, with its contracts, analysis and fruits. I have less pleasure to remind you that it has conditions also, and ethics. And what are some of those? Inis is our next consideration. And the first of them is that this national existence is, to an extraordinary degree, not a growth, but a production; that thus it has origin in the will and the reason, but that the will and the reason must keep it alive, or it can bear no life. I do not forget that a power above man's power, a wisdom above man's wisdom, a reason above man's reason, may be traced without the presumptions ness of fanalicism in the fortunes of America. I do not forget that God has been in our history. Beyond that dazzling progress of art, society, thought, which is of His ordaining, although it may seem to be a faise philosophy, a stata and inevitable flow under law—beyond this I do not forget that there have been, and there may be again, interpositions, providential, exceptional, and direct of the Supreme Agency without which no sparrow faileth. Thus condition of mind and of opinion in Europe, and more than anywhere else, in England, which marked the period of emigration, and bore flower, fruit and seed after its kind in the new world; that conflict and upheaval and fermenting in the age of Charles the Eirst, and the long Parliament, and Cromwell, and Milton, violated nature asserting herself; that disappearance of the old races here, wasting so mysteriously and so seasonably—that drear death giving place as in nature to a better life; that long octorial growth in shade and storm and neglect, sheltered imperfectly by our relations to the mother country, and not yet exposed to the tempest and lighting of the high places of political independance; burdened and poor, but yet exposed to the tempest and lighting of the high places of political independance; burdened and poor, but yet exposed to the tempest and lighting of the ligh place of political independance; burdened and poor, but yet evo We have done with the nature of American nation country, and not yet exposed to the tempest and light-ning of the high places of political independence; bur-dened and poor, but yet evolving, germinant, propactic; that insate common attack of one tyranny on so many charters; that succession of incompetent English com-manders and English tactics against us in the war; that one sent breathed in a moment into a continent; the Declaration-so timely, and so full of toos; the name, the services, the influence of Washington— these bit "perts of His ways," and we may under-stand and accreate.

path; I do not forget that in this, too, there were helps of circums, see for which no philosophy and no pride can make us a nihankful.

Take one. Have you ever considered, speculating on the mysteries of oar actional oeing, how providedially the colonial life a read, in one respect, qual-find for Union, and how pravidentially it came to pass that independence and actionality were born in one day! Suppose that from the times when they were planted respectively, these colonies had been independent of one another and of every one—suppose this had been so for one hundred and fifty years, for one hundred and seventy years; that in the eye of public law they had through all that time tanked with England, with France; that through all that time they had made war, cone uded peace, negotiated treaties of commerce and of alliance, received and sont ministers, coined noney, superintended trade, and "done all other things which independent States of right may de," and then that a single foreign power had sought to reduce them. I do not say that they would have reduced them. I do not say that power would have reduced them. I do not say that necessity, that prudence, which is civil necessity, would not have taught them to assist one another, and that in one sease, and that a just one, they would have fought and triumphed together. But when that victory was wen and the cloud rolled off seaward, would these victors have flown into a common embrace and become a single people! This long attecedent several victors have flown into a common embrace and become a single people? This long artecedent asveral independence; this long antecedent asveral would it not have indurated them and separated them? These old high actions and historians. them? These old high actions and high passions flowing diverse, these opposed banners of old fields, this music of hostile marches, these memories of an this music of hostile marches, these memories of an unshared past, this history of a glory in which one only had part—do you think they could have been meited, softened and beaten quite so easily into the unity of a common life? Might not the world have seen there instead another Attics, and Achaia and Lacedemonia and Messins, and Naples and Florence and Saxony? Did not that colonial life, in its nature, that long Winter and lingering Spring, discipline and prepare men for the future of their civil life, as an April snow earliches the earth it seems to bury? Did it not keep back the growths which might otherwise have shot up into imthe earth it seems to bury? Did it not keep back the growths which might otherwise have shot up into impracticable rankness and diversities? Did it not divert men from themselves to one another—Massachusette, and Virginia, and New-York, to the forming of the possible America? Instead of stunting and enfeebling, did it not enlarge and strengthen? And when that hest flocked together, to taste together the first waters of independent life, and one high, common, proud feeling pervaded their ranks, lifted up all hearts, softened all hearts at once—and a Rhode Island General was seen to fight at the Entaws, and a New Yorker or one well-beloved of Massachusetts at Saratega, and a Virginian to guide the common war, and a united army to wis the victory for all—ass not the transition, in a moment so sublime, more natural, less viclent, more easy to the transcendent conception of nationality itself?

and executory are a little easier than at first; that the friction of the machine is less somewhat; that mere administration has grown simpler; organiza-tiors have been effected which may move of themtions have been effected which may move of them-serves; that departments have been created and set going, which can go alone; that the Constitution has been construed authoritatively; that a course, a routine, has been established in which things—some things—may go on as now, without your thought or mind. Bold he is, moreover, I admit, not wise, who would undertake to determine what chance, or what Providence, may do, and what man may do in the Providence, may do, and what man may do in the suscentation of national life. But remember, that is a false philicophy, and that is no religion which absolves from duty. That is impiety which boasts of a will of God, and forgets the business of man. Will and reason created, will and reason must keep. Every day, still, we are in a Committee of the Wole, on the question of the Constitution or no Constitution. Eternal vigilance is the condition of union, as they say it is of liberty. I have heard that if the came Omnipotence which formed the universe at first should suspend its care for a day, primeval crace were come again. Dare we tick such a specuat first should suspend its care for a day, primeval crosse were come again. Dare we tisk such a speculation in politics, and act on it? Consider how new its this America of yours! Some there are yet living who saw this infant recked in the oratile. Some there are yet anive who beheld the first inauguration of Washington; many that felt how the tidings of his death since on the general heart. Some now alive saw the deep broad trench first excavated, the stones drawn from the mountain side the mortar mingled. drawn from the mountain side, the mortar mingled, the cyclopean foundation laid, the tears, the anthems, the thank-gives of the defication day. Thus miknown, therefore magnified, therefore magnificult original: that august tradition of a mixed human and Divine, that hidden fountain, the long half-hidden flow Divine, that hidden fountain, the long half-hidden flow glancing uncertain and unfrequent through the opening of the old forest, spreading out at last, after leagues, after centaries, into the clear daylight of history, the authoritative prescription, the "awful host of innumerable ages," the legend, the fable, the tones of uncertain harps, the acquiescence of generations, rising in a long line as to a gift—where for us are they? On all this architecture of utility and reason, where has Time laid a fleger? What angularity has it rounded; what stone has it covered with moss; on what salient or what pendant coigne of vantage has it built its nest; on what deered with moss; on what salient or what pendant coigns of vantage has it built its nest; on what deformity has its moonlight and twilight fallen? What enables us then to withhold for a moment the sustaining hand? The counsel of philosophy and history, of Cicero, of Machisvel, of Montesquieu, to turn to the first principles, to reproduce and reconstruct the accient freedom, the masculine virtues, the plain wisdom of the original—it is not seasonable counsel eminently for you? Remember, your reason your will, may keep, must keep what reason and will builded. Yours is the responsibility, yours, to country, to man, unshared, unconcealed.

I do not knew that I need to say next that such a spirit of rationality, reposung on will and reason, or I do not knew that I need to say next that such a spirit of nationality, reposing on will and reason, or however produced, not spontaneous, and therefore to some extent artificial, demands a specific culture to develop it and to make it intense, sure and constant. I need not say this, because it is so plain; but it is some extent artificial, demands a specific culture to develop it and to make it intense, sure and constant. I need not say this, because it is so plain, but it is important as well as plain. There is a love of country which comes uncalled for, one knows not how. It comes in with the very air, the eye, the ear, the instincts, the first taste of the mother's mik, the first beatings of the heart. The faces of brothers and sisters, and the loved father and mother, the laugh of playmates, the old willow tree, and well, and school-house, the bees at work in the Spring, the note of the robin at evening, the ludlaby, the cows coming home, the singing-book, the Cottechism, the visits of neighbors, the general training—all things which make childhood happy, begin it, and then as the age of the passion and the age of the reason draw on, and love and the sense of nome and of security and of property under law come to life; and as the stry goes round, and as the book or the newspaper relates the less favored lot of other lands, and the public and the private sense of a man is forming and formed, there is a type of patriotism already. Thus they had inshibed it who stood that charge at Concord, and they they who threw up the hasty and imperfect redoubt on Bunker Hill by neght, set on it the blood red Provincial flag, and passed so calmly with Prescot and Putnam and Warren through the experiences of the first face. But now to direct this spontoneous sentiment of hearts to the Union, to raise it high, to make it broad and deep, to instruct it, to educate it, is in some things barder, some things easier; but it may But now to direct this spontoneous sentiment of hearts to the Union, to raise it high, to make it broad and deep, to instruct it, to educate it, is in some things bander, some things easier; but it may be done; it must be done. She, too, has her spectacles; she, too, has her names; she, too, has her food for patrictism, for childhood, for man. "Americans," said an orator of France, "begin with the infant in the cradel. Let the first lisps be Washington." Hang on his reck on that birthday, and that day of his death at Mount Vernon, the medal of Congress, by its dark ribbon; tell him the story of the flag as it passes glittering along the road; bid him listen to that plain, old fashiored, stirring music of the Union; lead aim wren school is out at evening to the grave of his great-grandfather, the old soldier of the war; bid nim, like Hannibal, at nine years old, lay the little hand on that Constitution and swear reverently to observe it: lift him up, and lift yourselves up, to the hight of American feeling; open to him, and think for yourselves, on the relation of America to the States; show him upon the map the area to which she has extended herself; the climates that come into the number of her months; the silver paths of her trade, wide as the world; tell him her contributions to humanity, and her protests for free government; keep with him the glad and sclemn feasts of her appointment; bury her great names in his heart, and into your hearts; contemplate habitually, lovingly, intelligently, this grand abstraction, this wast reality of good; and such an institution may do somewhat to trareforn the surpassing beauty into a national life, which shell last while sun and moon endure.

But there is another condition of our nationality of which I must say something, and that is that is restoon compromise. America, the Constitution, practicable policy, all of it, are a compromise. Our public life is possible—it can draw its breath for a day—only by compromise.

dened and poor, but yet evolving, germinant, prophetic; that insate common attack of one tyramy on a many charters: that succession of incompetent English commanders and English tactics against us in the war; that one soul breathed in a moment into a continent; the Deciaration so timely, and so full of toos; the name, the services, the infinence of Washington—there has "perts of His ways," and we may understand and accrete.

I do not forget either that in the great first step we had to take—that difficulty so stupendous, of bagic-ning to mold the colonies into a nation, to overcome the prejudices of habit and ignorance, the petty cavilis of the petty, the every, the jealousy, the ambition, the fears of great and little men; to take away partition waits, reli away provincial flags and hush provincial drups, and give to the young Republic E Pluribus [University of American with the pavers of Parta, cutting Cown the half-grown tree to anarch the unrips, fruit— There is a cant of shallowness and fanaticism which

there is a philosophy which ecoids at this even, and calls it names.

To such a spirit I have nothing to say, but I have semething to say to you. It is remarked by a very leading writer of our times, Lord Macanlay—emobled less by title than by genus and fam—"that compromise is the essence of politics." That which every if there were time. That it is not and that it cannot determine the results of the sevent in the seve there is a philosophy which scoids at this even, and calls it names.

To such a spirit I have nothing to say, but I have something to say to you. It is remarked by a very leading writer of our times, Lord Macaniny—cambbied less by title than by genus and fame—"that compromise is the essence of politics." That which every man of sense admits to be so "rue as to have become a common place of all politics, is peculiarly true of our national politics. Our history is a record of compromiser; and this freedom and this glory attest their wisdom and bear their finits. But can these compromises stand the highest test of morshity? Concessions for the sake of the nation; concessions for what the general opinion has pronunced conce wions for America; concessions in mensures; concessions in appliet for auch an end—are they a writte?

general opinion has pronounced concessions for America; concessions in mesaures; concessions in apirit for auch an end—are they a writtle?

I hope it is worth something in the first place, that the judgment of civification, collected from all its expression and all its exponents, has ranked concession for the keeping and well being of the nation, among the whiter virtues. Starting with the grand central sentiment that patriotism is the noblect practical limitation of universal philanthropy; and reserving its enthusiasm, its tests, for the martyred patriot, and deeming his ceath the most glorious of deaths—it has given even the first place to him whose firmness, wisdom and moderation keep the State. These traits it has stamped as virtues. Precty, art, history, blography, the funeral discourse, the untersace of that udgment, how universally have they so stamped them! He, whose harp, they said, attracted and used savage natures: he, who gave to his people, not the best government, but the best they would bear; he, who by timely adaptations, elevated an inferior class to an equality with a superior class, and made two nations into one; he, whose tole rance and comprehension, put out the fires of persecution, and placed all opinions and religious on one pinne before the law; he whose healing counsels composed the distractions of a various empire; he is the great good man of civilization. Ambition might have seen his aim to some extent, but the result is a country, a power, a law. On that single title it raised his status, hung aim to some extent, but the result is a country, a power, a law. On that single title it raised his statute, hung on it the garland that cannot die, kept the birthday by the firing of cannors, and ringing of bells, and proces-sions and tranks to God Alimphy. He may not have been fortunate in war, he may not have been for emost sions, and transcio God Almighty. He may not have been for most among men of gerius, but what Luxenburg, what Eugene, what Mailcoro' heaped on his ashes such a morument as the wise, just, cold Dutch deliverer of England! What Getes, what Lee, what Alexander, what Napoleon won such hoor, such dove, what Napoleon won such hoor, such dove, England? What Gates, what Lee, what Alexander, what Napoleon won such honor, anch dove, such sacred and warm felt approval as our civil father Washington? Does that judgment, the judgment of civilization condemn De not theres, who would have invited Persia to help against Macedon; or Cheere, who praised and soothed the years Octavius to win him from Anthony; or the Calvinist William, who invited the papal Austria to light with him against Louis XIV? Does it drown of branding such an act as hypocrisy, or apostacy? Does it not recognize it rather as wisdom, patriotism, and vittue, masculine and intelligent? Does it not rather give him all honor and thanks, who could forego the sweets of revenge, rise above the cowardice of scilishness and the narrow memory of personal antecedents, ness and the narrow memory of personal antecedents, and for the love of Athens, of Rome, of England, of liberty, could magnanimously grasp the solid glory of

But this judgment of civilization, I maintain next is a sound meral judgment. It is founded on a theory of cuty which makes the highest utility of man, the grandest achievement of man. It thinks that it discerns that the national life is the true useful humanife. It thinks that it discerns that the greater includes the less; that beneath that order that Government, that law, that power, reform is easy and reform is safe—reform of the man, reform of the nation. It ventures to hold that a nation is the grandest of the instrumentaities of morals and religion. It holds that under that wing, beneath that lightening, there is room, there is capacity for humbling imitating His plan who sits in the circle of eternity, and with whom a thousand years are as one dwy; room, motive capacity, for labor, for culture, for preparation, for the preaching of the gospel of peace to all, for elevating by slow, sure and quiet gradations down to its depths, down to its chain, society itself. Concession to keep such an agent is concession to promote such ends. But this judgment of civilization, I maintain next is

son to promote such ends.

Do you remember what a great moralist and a great man, Archbishop Whately, said on this subject? In the House of Lords he was advocating concession to Catholics, and see how much stronger was truth than the hatred of theologians. The biographer of Paul Cherided the vote.

the harred of theologians. The best of Resoning, and it decided the vote.

"So great is the outcry which it has been the fashion among some persons for several years past to raise against expediency, that the vory word has become an almost ill omened sound. It seems to be thought by many a sufficient ground of condemnation of any legislator to ray that he is guided by views of expediency. And some seem even to be ashamed of acknowledging that they are, in any degree, se guided. I, for one, however, am content to submit to the imputation of being a votary of expediency. And, what is more, I do not see what right any one who is not so has to sit in Parliament, or totake any part in public affairs. Any one who may choose to acknowledge that the measures he opposes are expedient, or that those he recommends are inexpedient, ought manifestly to have no seat in a deliberative assembly, which is constituted for the express and sole purpose of considering what measures are conducive to the public good—in other words, "expedient." I say the "public good," because, of course, by "expediency" we mean not that which may benefit some individual, or some party or class of men, at the expense of the public, but what conduces to the good of the nation. Now this, it is evident, is the very object for which deliberative assemblies are constituted. And so far is this from being regarded, by our Church at least, as something at variance with religious duty, that we have a prayer specially appointed to be offered up during the sitting of the decided the vote. religious duty, that we have a prayer specially ap-pointed to be offered up during the sitting of the Houses of Parliament, that their consultations may be "directed and prospered for the safety, hour and

welfare of our sovereign and dominious. Now, if this be not the very definition of political expediency, let any one say what it is.

I have no doubt, however, that this judgment of let any one say what it is.

I have no doubt, however, that this judgment of civilization rests in part on the difficult and the rarriey of the virtue which it praises. We prize the difficult and the rare because they are difficult and rare; and when you consider how easy and how tempting it is to fall in with and float with the stream on which so many ewinn; how easy is that broad road and sweet that approved strain; how easy and how tempting it is to please an assenting congregation, or circle of readers, or local public; how easy and now tempting it occupound for eins, which an influential man "is not inclined to by damning those he has no mind to;" how easy to please those we see and forget these out of sight; what courage, what love of truth are demanded to assent; how hard it is to rise to the vast and varied conception, and to the one idea which grasps and adjusts all the ideas; how easy it is for the little man to become great, the shallow man to become profound; the coward out of danger to become brave; the Free-State man to be an Anti-Slavery man and to write traits which his friends alone read; whon you think that even the laughter of fools, and chipters, and madmen, little ministers, little editors, and little politicians, can indict the musketo hite, not deep, but singing—who wonders that the serener and calmer judgment allots "to patient conticuence in well doing, to resistance of the parts, to contention for the whole, to counsels of moderation and concession," glory, honor and immertality.

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy, The soil's calm suggment and the heart feet, joy."

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy, The soul's calm summume and the heart fest joy.

But this judgment of civilization is the judgment But this judgment of civilization is the judgment of religion too. You believe with the Bible, wish Chero, with the teachings of history, that God wills the national life. He wills civilization, therefore acciety, therefore law, therefore government, therefore nations. How do we know this? Always from the birth of the historical time civilized man led the national life; therein always the nature God has given him has swelled to all its perfection, and has rendered the worthest praise to the giver of the gift. He who wills the end wills the indispensable means: he wills the means which his teachers, nature and given him has swelled to all its perfection, and has rendered the worthest praise to the giver of the gift. He who wills the end wills the indispensable means; he wills the means which his teachers, nature and experience, have ascertained to be indispensable. Then he wills these means, concession, compromise, love, forbearance, help, because his teachers, nature and experience, have revealed them to be indispensable. Then he wills cur national life. Then dispensable, Then he wills cur national life. Then he wills the spirit which made it and which keeps it. Do dou dare to say, with President Davis, that you believe that Providence raised up that young man, we will see that first inauguration, that you believe the Supreme Being looked down with complacency on that act—with that Senate which thanked God that he had conducted to the tomb a fame whiter than it was buillant; and yet dare to say, that the spirit of Washington ought not to be your spirit, his counsels your guide, his Farewell Address your scripture of polytical religion! But what does he say! I need not repeat, for you have it by heart; but what said a greater than he! "Render unto Cosar the things which are Casar's." Render unto Cosar the things which are Casar's. Render unto Cosar the things which are Casar's. He these words our answer and our defense. When they press us with the common-pleces of Anti-Savery, be these, words of wisdom our acswer. Say to them, "Yes, I thank God I keep no slaves. I am sorry there is one on earth; I am sorry even that there is need of law, of subordination, of things; piously I would reform it; but bequest that same easystem I am an Americanotitizen; beneath that system, this country it is my post to keep; while I keep her there is hope for all mae, for the schools, of prisons, of thegellows; I would reform it; but bequest that the same easystem I am an Americanotitizen; beneath that system, this country it is my post to keep; while I keep her there is hope for all mae, for the schools, or prisons, of the gellows; I wo

There are other conclitions and other laws of our rationality on which there needs to be said something if there were time. That it is not and that it cannot come so soon, that it cannot achieve its destiny, that it cannot live even unless it rests on the understanding of the State, you know. How gloriously this is anticipated by our own Constitution, you remember. How well said Washington—who said all things as he did all things well—"teat in proportion as the Governments rest on public opinion, that opinion must be enlightened." There must then he intelligence at the foundation. But what intelligence? Not that which puffeth up, I fancy, not dispancy, ast smartness, not sciolism, whose fruits, whose expression are vanity, restlements, incapacity to combine ideas, and great capacity to overwork a single one. Not quite thus. This is that little intelligence and little learning which are dangetous. These are the characteristics, have read, which pave the way for the downfall of States; not on which a long glory and a long strenth have towered. These, more than the General of Macedon, gave the person to Demochence in the Island Temple. These, not the Triumvirate along, closed the eloquent lips of Chorto. These, before the populous North had done it, spread beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands in the downward age; these, not Christianity, not Geth, tet Lombard, nor Norman, reest that fair one, Italy, asunder, and turned the gards and the mistress of the earth into a school, into a hiding place of assasting of spice from Austria, of spice from France, with gold to buy and east to calch and purish the dreams of liberty whispered in sleep, and shamed the remortes and hopes of Michiavel and Mazzini, and gave for that joy and that beauty, mourning and heaviness. This is not the intelligence our Constitution means, Washington meant and our country needs. It is intelligence which, however it begins, ends with belief, with humility, with obedience, with veneration, with admiration, with truth; which recognizes and then le

Hill, at Saratega: which reforms by preserving serves by standing and waiting, fears God and honors Amarica.

I had something to say more directly still on the othics of nationality, on the duty of instructing the conscience, on the crimes of treason and slander, and frand, that are committed around us in its name, on the shallowness and studiely of the doctrine that the mere moral sentiments, trained by a mere meral discipine, may safety guide the complex civil life; of the teachers and studies which they need to fit them for so precious, difficult and delicate a dominion; of the high place in the scale of duties, which, thus fitted they would apply to one or two of the common places and practices of the judgment which, thus fitted they would apply to one or two of the common places and practices of the time. But I pass it all to say only that these ethics teach the true subordination, and the true reconciliation of apparently incompatible duties. These only are the easunsts, or the salest easunst for us. Loarn from them how to adjust this conflict between patriotism and philanthropy. To us, indeed, there seems to be no such conflict, for we are philanthropys, we venture to say, is a true philanthropy. That is all. It loves all men, it helps all men, it respects all rights, keeps all compacts, recognizes all dangers, pitice all. Illinoves all men, it helps all men, it respects all rights, keeps all compacts, recognizes all dangers, pitice all. Illinoves all men, it helps all men, it respects all rights, keeps all compacts, and out in a skeet it asfe; it naturalizes it, it baptizes into our life, it circumscribes it within our capacities and our necesities, it sets on it the great national public soal. If you say that thus our patriotism limits our philanthropy, and and the area and all the safe; it naturalizes it, it baptizes into our life, it circumscribes it within our capacities and our necesities, it sets on it the great national public soal. If you say that thus our patriotism limits our philanthropy, and

form it by keeping, by transmitting, a united, loving and Christian America.

Fut why, at last, do I exhort, and why do I seem to fear, on suen a day as thus? Is it not the nation's birthday? Is it not this country of our love and hopes, which celebrates it? This music of the glad march, these banners of pride and beauty, these memories so fragrant, these resolutions of pariotism, so thoughtful, these hands pressed, these congratulations and huzzaings and tears, this great hear throbbing anuibly—are they not hers, and do they not assure us? These forests of masts, these singing workshops of labor, these fields and plantations whitening for the harvest, this peace and planty, this steeping thunder, these bolts in the closed, strong talon, do trey not all tell us of her health, her streigth and her future? This shadow that flits scross our grasses and is gone, this shallow ripple that darkens the surface of our broad and wideoisg atream, and passes away, this little perturbation which cur telescopes cannot find and which our science on hardy find, but which we know cannot change the couns of hasten the doom of one star; have these any terrors for us? And He who slumners not, nor sleepe, who keeps watchfully the city of his love, on whose will the hife of nations is suspended, and to whom all the shields of the earth belong, ohr father's Glod, is he not our God, and of whom then, and of what, shall we be afraid?

The Herald of Monday, in noticing the great national earmon preached by the Rev. Mr. Corbit on Sanday last, stated that efforts had been made through the de nomination to prevent the publication of the late charge against him. In justice to the Church and to Mr. Corbit, we state that no action had been taken by the Church in the matter at that time. The facts, however, will soon be placed before the public.

PREPARATIONS FOR RECEIVING THE SEVENTES REGIMENT.-The various members of the 7th Regiment, officers and privates, met last evening at the armery of company No. 2, University place, corner of Thirteenth street, to make the necessary preparations for receiving suitably on their return those members of the regiment who went to Virginia with the remains of President Monroe, Adjutant Power in the Chair. Two hundred and fourteen members of the regiment reported ready for the centemplated parade, and all the other necessary details for the occasion were provided for.

The meeting was quite spirited, and a large number of the regiment in the city were present.

POLICE APPOINTMENTS .- On Thursday last, the lat inst., Issac W. Potter, George W. Barrett and Heary Burden were severally appointed Sergeants for the Eighteenth Precinct. Another Sergeant for the say a precinct has yet to be appointed, and which will meet probably be made on Thursday next.

Res Over .- A small girl named Elizabeth Cibeon was knocked down and run over by a horse ar d wagon in the Bowery, about 9 o'clock last night. She was taken to the Fourteenth Ward Station-Houra by Officer Johnson, and Dr. Abrahams sent for to attend her, after which she was removed to her home, No. 54 Oliver street.

LOOK OUT FOR COUNTERPRITS -- A new counterfeit bill, of the denomination of \$3, r, urporting to have been issued by the Mechanics' and Tradesmee's Bank of New-Hampabite, was passed at stores in the Bewery lest evening.